The Week in Parliament.

Esperanto Lesson.

Workers' Dreadnought

FASCISM IS THE CAPITALIST REVOLUTION AGAINST THE WORKERS.

VOL. X. No. 8. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923. WEEKLY.

AFTER CIVILISATION.

By Edward Carpenter.

In the first soft winds of spring, while snow yet lay on the ground—
Forth from the city into the great woods wandering,
Into the great silent white woods where they waited in their beauty and majesty
For man their companion to come:
There, in vision, out of the wreck of cities and civilisations.
I saw a new life arise.

Slowly out of the ruins of the past—like a young fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter—
Out of the litter of a decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken-down creeds, customs, ideals,
Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and Fear, meanest of all (the stronger in the panic trampling the weaker underfoot);
Out of miserable rows of brick tenements with their cheapjack interiors, their glances of suspicion, and doors locked against each other;
Out of the polite residences of congested idleness; out of the aimless life of wealth;
Out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly done;
Out of the wares which are no wares poured out upon the markets, and in the shop-windows,
The fraudulent food, clothing, drink, literature;
Out of the cant of Commerce—buying cheap and selling dear—the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation,
The smug merchant posing as a benefactor of his kind, the parasite parsons and scientists;
The cant of Sex, the impure hush clouding the deepest instincts of boy and girl, woman and man;
The despair and unbelief possessing all society—rich and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike;
All feeling the terrible pressure and tension of the modern problem:
Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world,
Lo, even so
I saw a new life arise.

The winter woods stretched all around so still!
Every bough laden with snow—the faint purple waters rushing on in the hollows, with steam on the soft still air!
Far aloft the arrowy larch reached into the sky, the high air trembled with the music of the loosened brooks.
O sound of waters, jubilant, pouring, pouring—O hidden song in the hollows!
Secret of the earth, swelling, sobbing to divulge itself!

Slowly, building lifting itself up atom by atom,
Gathering itself together round a new centre—or rather round the world-old centre once more revealed—
I saw a new life, a new society, arise.
Man I saw arising once more to dwell with Nature;

R. U. R.

(Specially drawn for the "Workers' Dreadnought.")

The Inventor: "My mechanical workman will work for 24 hours a day, never rest nor strike, and all on a consumption of only four gallons of petrol per——"

The Employer: "What! You still have to feed the brute?"

(The old, old story—the prodigal son returning, so loved,
The long estrangement, the long entanglement in vain things)—
The child returning to its home, companion of the winter woods once more,
Companion of the stars and waters, hearing their words at first-hand (more than all science ever taught)—
The near contact, the dear, dear mother so close, the twilight sky and the young tree-tops against it;
The huts on the mountain-side, companionable of the sun and the winds, the lake unsullied below;
The daily bath in natural running waters, or in the parallel foam-lines of the sea, the pressure of the naked foot to the earth;
The few needs, the exhilarated radiant life—the food and population question giving no more trouble;
(No hurry more, no striving one to override the other:
Each one doing the work before him to do, and taking his chance of the reward,
Doubting no more of his reward than the hand doubts, or the foot, to which the blood flows according to the use to which it is put);
The plentiful common halls stored with the products of Art and History and Science to supplement the simple household accommodations;
The sweet and necessary labour of the day;
All these I saw—for man the companion of Nature.
Civilisation behind him now—the wonderful stretch of the past;
Continents, empires, religions, wars, migrations—all gathered up in him;
The immense knowledge, the vast winged powers—to use or not to use—
He comparatively indifferent, passing on to other spheres of interest.
The calm which falls after long strife, the dignity of rest after toil;
Hercules, his twelve labours done, sitting as a god on the great slope of Olympus,
Looking out over the earth, on which he was once a mortal.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

The German Revolution and After. By Henrich Strobel. Translated by J. H. Stenning. (Jarrolds, 12/6.)

As we saw in a previous notice of this book, the German majority Socialists and Trade Union leaders supported the Government throughout the war, and endeavoured to suppress all opposition movements. In this country an agreement was made exempting Trade Union officials from war service. The same thing happened in Germany. The German Government gave the German Trade Union officials an undertaking that they would be "unmolested" during the war, and that Trade Union offices would not be treated as "essential war undertakings."

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May it be that if Soviet Russia, instead of assenting to the Brest Peace, had joined with the German revolutionaries then, the proletarian cause might have triumphed? Was it the demand for tranquility and the opportunity to re-build economically at that juncture which was the fatal mistake of Soviet Russia? Would renewed warfare with Russia then, have brought about the military collapse of Germany earlier, and at a better moment for the proletarian struggle?

Heinrich Strobel does not touch upon that issue.

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He records, however, that the German majority Socialists and Trade Unionists used all their endeavours to end the strike as rapidly and as harmlessly as possible. Some of the Social Democrats did not disapprove the Brest Peace terms; others contented themselves with merely blaming the Entente for not taking part in the negotiations Twenty-five Social-Democratic members were willing to vote for the Brest terms in the Reichstag; the majority decided to abstain.

The General Commission of Trade Unions, in its official report afterwards, summed up its view of the situation as follows:

"The influence of the German working class was, unfortunately, too weak to hinder the course of these peace negotiations [of Brest Litovsk] upon which the German Army Command exercised a powerful influence. It would also have been unjustifiable to influence this Peace Treaty by political mass strikes by the way that certain sections of the working class wished to utilise the strikes in the armament industry."

Revolutionary Workshop Committees.

Strobel's comment on the value of the revolutionary workshop organisation is interesting. It answers those professed revolutionaries who to-day have taken to declaring such an organisation unnecessary. It also contradicts many of Strobel's own assertions. He says:

"Without the courageous lead of Ledebour and his friends, and without the establishment of a closely knit organisation of revolutionary delegates, which in Berlin alone comprise several thousands of persons, the revolution could never have been accomplished with such irresistible momentum and with so little bloodshed, in November 1918."

On October 2nd Prince Max of Baden formed a Coalition Cabinet, into which the Social Democrats Bauer and Scheidemann entered. On October 3rd the Kaiser fled from Berlin.

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The open rebellion against the old order began amongst the workers an dsailors at the imperial port of Kiel. Already, in 1917, a secret league had been formed amongst them, and this being discovered, the leaders, Reichspitsch and Koves, had been court-martialled and shot. In January 1918 the foremost leaders had been imprisoned to prevent action in Kiel at the time of the general strike.

In October, whilst the Government was ostensibly democratising itself, and a request for an armistice had been sent to President Wilson, on October 5th the Fleet Command had yet decided to have a great sea battle with the British.

"The lives of 80,000 subordinates were to be sacrificed in order that the German Navy might go down gloriously.

"It was intended to assemble the fleet off Heligoland, behind a chain of 'U' boats, so as to draw out the English and provide the 'U' boats with an opportunity to attack them."

Sailors Put Out The Fires.

The fleet was to start on October 28th, but the sailors put out the fires. The mutinous sailors, including a hundred from the "Markgraf," were imprisoned; but in the following days the revolt in the fleet at Kiel became general. On November 3rd a procession of workers and sailors was fired on, and thirty people were killed; but the workers and soldiers' councils were elected, and the imprisoned soldiers were released by the Governor. The authorities were powerless, and the working class had secured a complete victory.

Enter Noske.

On November 4th the sailors dispatched a telegramme to the Independent Socialists, asking that Haase, Ledebour, and Oscar Cohn should come immediately. This telegramme was held up by the authorities; but on November 4th Noske, one of the foremost of the jingo Social Democrats, arrived in Kiel Noske, who had been solid in his support of the Government and the war, solid in his determination to suppress all popular revolt, now got himself elected by the 300 representatives of all the military and naval divisions as Governor of Kiel.

Workers' and Soldiers' Councils Take Control.

The revolution spread quickly through Germany; workers, soldiers and sailors' councils everywhere taking control. In Munich Kurt Eisner, the leader of the Independents, who had been imprisoned in the January strike, was elected President. The Government officials placed themselves at his disposal, but he formed a Coalition Government with the Social Democrats.

Revolution began in Berlin on November 9th. The day before "Vorwaerts," now in the hands of the reactionary leaders, published a warning to the masses: "No thoughtlessness just now, as this would provoke in the country the bloodshed which has ceased at the front." The Social Democrats were in the Coalition Government, and they were not disposed to countenance mass uprising. The revolutionary committee of workshop representatives had decided to strike on November 4th. This was postponed. On November 8th Daumig and others were arrested. Liebknecht also had been arrested again, having been released from a previous incarceration only on October 21st. The Workers' Committee now issued a handbill, on November 9th, announcing that the hour of revolution had struck, and that the Workers' and Soldiers' Council must take power as it had done in Kiel.

Without bloodshed, the Berlin proletariat took the power. They went in a great procession, headed by the soldiers in arms officers were disarmed and deprived of their epaulettes, but no one was injured.

Next morning appeared in "Vorwaerts" a manifesto signed by Ebert, prominent amongst the Social Democrats. He stated that he had been made Imperial Chancellor by the late Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, "with the support of the whole of the State secretaries," and that he, Ebert, was "**proceeding to form the new Government in agreement with the parties.**" He urged the people to "leave the streets and maintain peace and order."

Thus Noske became Governor of Kiel by the vote of the Soviets, and his colleague Ebert was created Imperial Chancellor by Prince Max of Baden. Scheidemann, another leader of the reaction, had also taken advantage of the proletarian victory by coming forward in the Reichstag Square, at 2 o'clock on November 9th, to proclaim the republic that had been already proclaimed in all the streets without the assistance of the Social Democrats.

The Social Democrats, fearing that they might be swept aside by the revolutionary proletariat, now approached the Independent Socialists, offering to take them into a Coalition Government. The Executive Committee of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council consisted of Barth, Bruhl, Eckert, Franke, Haase, Ledebour, Liebknecht, Wegmann, and Nuendorf. Of these, Liebknecht, the Spartacist, and Ledebour, the Independent, refused to join the Coalition; but Barth and Haase, Independents, and another Independent, Dittmann; joined the Government with the Social Democrats, Scheidemann and Landsberg and Ebert.

Mr. Strobel considers that the decision to join the Coalition was a wise one; but, in our opinion, it was a serious mistake. The power should have been held by the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, and the Government which Ebert was forming should have been boycotted.

THE SEVEN THAT WERE HANGED.

(By Leonid Andreyev, a Famous Russian Author.)

XI.

(Continuation of chapter in previous issue.)

ON THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS.

When Werner bent to get into the vehicle, a gendarme said to him, in a vague way:

"There is another in there who goes with you!"

Werner was astonished.

"Who goes where? Ah! Yes! Another one! Who is it?

The soldier said nothing. In a dark corner something small and motionless, but alive, lay rolled up; an open eye shone under an oblique ray of the lantern. As he sat down, Werner brushed against a knee with his foot

"Pardon me, comrade!"

There was no answer. Not until the vehicle had started did the man ask hesitatingly, in bad Russian:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Werner, sentenced to be hanged for an attempt upon the life of XX. And you?"

"I am Yanson. . . . I must not be hanged. . . ."

In two hours they would be face to face with the great mystery as yet unsolved; in two hours they would leave life for death; thither both were going, and yet they became acquainted. Life and death were marching simultaneously on two different planes, and to the very end, even in the most laughable and most stupid details, life remained life.

"What did you do, Yanson?"

"I stuck a knife into my boss. I stole money."

From the sound of his voice it sounded as if Yanson were asleep. Werner found his limp hand in the darkness, and pressed it. Yanson lazily withdrew it.

"You are afraid?" asked Werner.

"I do not want to be hanged."

They became silent. Again Werner found the Esthonian's hand, and pressed it tightly between his dry and burning palms. It remained motionless, but Yanson did not try again to release it.

They stifled in the cramped vehicle, whose musty smell mingled with the odours of the soldiers' uniform, of the muck-heap, and of wet leather. The breath of a young gendarme, redolent of garlic and bad tobacco, streamed continually into the face of Werner, who sat opposite. But the keen fresh air came in at the windows, and thanks to this the presence of spring was felt in the little moving box even more plainly than outside. The vehicle turned now to the right, now to the left; sometimes it seemed to turn around and go back. There were moments when it appeared to the prisoners as if they had been going in a circle for hours. At first the bluish electric light came in between the heavy lowered curtains; then suddenly, after a turn, darkness set in; it was from this that the travellers gathered that they had reached the suburbs and were approaching the station of S——. Sometimes, at a sudden turn, Werner's bent and living knee brushed in a friendly way against the bent and living knee of the gendarme, and it was hard to believe in the approaching execution.

"Where are we going?" asked Yanson suddenly. The continuous and prolonged shaking of the sombre vehicle gave him vertigo and a little nausea.

Werner answered, and pressed the Esthonian's hand more tightly than before. He would have liked to say specially friendly and kind words to this little sleeping man, whom already he loved more than anyone in the world.

"Dear friend! I think that you are in an uncomfortable position. Draw nearer to me!"

At first Yanson said nothing, but after a moment he replied:

"Thank you! I am comfortable! And you, they are going to hang you, too?"

"Yes!" replied Werner, with an unlooked-for gaiety, almost laughing. He made a free and easy gesture, as if they were speaking of some futile and stupid prank that a band of affectionate practical jokers were trying to play upon them.

"You have a wife?" asked Yanson.

"No! A wife! I? No, I am alone."

"So am I. I am alone."

Werner, too, was beginning to feel the vertigo. At times it seemed to him that he was on his way to some festivity. A queer thing, almost all those who were going to the execution had the same feeling; although a prey to fear and anguish, they rejoined vaguely in the extraordinary thing that was about to happen. Reality became intoxicated on madness, and death, coupling with life, gave birth to phantoms.

"Here we are at last!" said Werner, gay and curious, when the vehicle stopped; and he leaped lightly to the ground. Not so with Yanson, who resisted, without saying a word, very lazily, it seemed, and who refused to descend. He clung to the handle of the door; the gendarme loosened his weak fingers and grasped his arm. Ivan caught at the corner, at the door, at the high wheel, but yielded at every intervention of the gendarme. He adhered to things rather than gripped them. And it was not necessary to use much force to loosen his grasp. In short, they prevailed over him.

As always at night, the station was dark, deserted, and inanimate. The passenger trains had already passed, and for the train that was waiting on the track for the prisoners there was no need of light or activity. Werner was seized with ennui. He was not afraid, he was not in distress, but he was bored; an immense, heavy, fatiguing ennui filled him with a desire to go away, no matter where, lie down, and close his eyes. He stretched himself, and yawned repeatedly.

"If only they did these things more quickly!" said he, wearily.

Yanson said nothing, and shuddered.

When the condemned passed over the deserted platform surrounded with soldiers, on their way to the poorly lighted railway carriages, Werner found himself placed beside Sergey Golovin. The latter designated something with his hand, and began to speak; his neighbour clearly understood only the word "lamp"; the rest of the phrase was lost in a weary and prolonged yawn.

"What did you say?" asked Werner, yawning also.

"The reflector . . . the lamp of the reflector is smoking," said Sergey.

Werner turned around. It was true; the glass shades were already black.

"Yes, it is smoking!"

Suddenly he thought: "What matters it to me whether the lamp is smoking, when . . . ?" Sergey undoubtedly had the same idea. He threw a quick glance at Werner, and turned away his head. But both stopped yawning.

All walked to the train without difficulty; Yanson alone had to be led. At first he stiffened his legs, and glued the soles of his feet to the platform; then he bent his knees. The entire weight of his body fell upon the arms of the policeman; his legs dragged like those of a drunken man; and the toes of his boots ground against the wooden platform. With a thousand difficulties, but in silence, they lifted him into the railway carriage.

Vasily Kashirin himself walked unsupported; unconsciously he imitated the movements of his comrades. After mounting the steps of the carriage, he drew back; a policeman took him by the elbow to sustain him. Then Vasily began to tremble violently and uttered a piercing cry, pushing away the policeman!

"Vasily, it is I, Werner!"

"I know! Don't touch me! I want to walk alone!"

And, still trembling, he entered the carriage and sat down in a corner. Werner leaned toward Musya, and asked in a low voice, designating Vasily with his eyes:

"Well, how are things with him?"

"Badly!" answered Musya, in a whisper. "He is already dead. Tell me, Werner, does death really exist?"

"I don't know, Musya; but I think not!" answered Werner in a serious and thoughtful tone.

"That is what I thought! And he? I suffered on his account during the whole ride, it seemed to me that I was travelling beside a dead man."

"I don't know, Musya. Perhaps death still exists for some. Later it will not exist at all. For me, for instance, death has existed, but now it exists no more."

The slightly pallid cheeks of Musya reddened.

"It has existed for you, Werner? For you?"

"Yes, but no more. As for you!"

They heard a sound at the door of the railway carriage; Mishko the Tzigane entered, spitting, breathing noisily, and making a racket with his boot-heels. He glanced about him, and stopped short.

"There is no room left, officer!" he declared to the fatigued and irritated policeman. "See to it that I travel comfortably, otherwise I will not go with you! Rather hang me right here, to the lamp-post! Oh, the scoundrels, what a carriage they have given me! Do you call this a carriage? The devil's guts, yes, but not a carriage!"

But suddenly he lowered his head, stretched out his neck, and advanced towards the other prisoners. From the frame of his bushy hair and beard his black eyes shot a savage, sharp and rather crazy look.

"Oh, my God!" he cried; "so this is where we are! How do you do, sir?"

He sat down opposite Werner, holding out his hand; then, with a wink, he leaned over and swiftly passed his hand across his companion's neck.

"You, too? Eh?"

"Yes!" smiled Werner.

"All?"

"All!"

"Oh! oh!" said the Tzigane, showing his teeth. He examined the other prisoners with a swift glance, which nevertheless dwelt longest on Musya and Yanson.

"On account of the Minister?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Oh, sir, my case is quite another story. I am not so distinguished! I, sir, am a brigand, an assassin. That makes no difference, sir; move up a little to make room for me; it is not my fault that they have put me in your company! In the other world there will be room for all."

He took the measure of all the prisoners with a watchful, distrustful, and savage gaze. But they looked at him without a word, seriously, and even with evident compassion. Again he showed his teeth, and slapped Werner several times on the knee.

"So that is how it is, sir! As they say in the song:

"'Take care to make no sound, O forest of green oaks!'"

"Why do you call me sir, when all of us . . ."

"You are right!" acquiesced the Tzigane, with satisfaction. "Why should you be sir, since you are to be hanged beside me? There sits the real sir!"

He pointed his finger at the silent policeman.

"And your comrade yonder, he doesn't seem to be enjoying himself hugely!" he added, looking at Vasily. "Say, there, you are afraid?"

"No!" answered a tongue that moved with difficulty.

"Well, then, don't be so disturbed; there is nothing to be ashamed of. It is only dogs that wag their tails and show their teeth when they are going to be hanged; you are a man. And this marionette, who is he? He certainly is not one of your crowd?"

(Continued on p. 5.)

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(By Leonid Andreyev, a Famous Russian Author.)

XI.

(Continuation of chapter in previous issue.)

ON THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS.

When Werner bent to get into the vehicle, a gendarme said to him, in a vague way:

"There is another in there who goes with you!"

Werner was astonished.

"Who goes where? Ah! Yes! Another one! Who is it?

The soldier said nothing. In a dark corner something small and motionless, but alive, lay rolled up; an open eye shone under an oblique ray of the lantern. As he sat down, Werner brushed against a knee with his foot.

"Pardon me, comrade!"

There was no answer. Not until the vehicle had started did the man ask hesitatingly, in bad Russian:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Werner, sentenced to be hanged for an attempt upon the life of XX. And you?"

"I am Yanson. . . . I must not be hanged. . . ."

In two hours they would be face to face with the great mystery as yet unsolved; in two hours they would leave life for death; thither both were going, and yet they became acquainted. Life and death were marching simultaneously on two different planes, and to the very end, even in the most laughable and most stupid details, life remained life.

"What did you do, Yanson?"

"I stuck a knife into my boss. I stole money."

From the sound of his voice it sounded as if Yanson were asleep. Werner found his limp hand in the darkness, and pressed it. Yanson lazily withdrew it.

"You are afraid?" asked Werner.

"I do not want to be hanged."

They became silent. Again Werner found the Esthonian's hand, and pressed it tightly between his dry and burning palms. It remained motionless, but Yanson did not try again to release it.

They stifled in the cramped vehicle, whose musty smell mingled with the odours of the soldiers' uniform, of the muck-heap, and of wet leather. The breath of a young gendarme, redolent of garlic and bad tobacco, streamed continually into the face of Werner, who sat opposite. But the keen fresh air came in at the windows, and thanks to this the presence of spring was felt in the little moving box even more plainly than outside. The vehicle turned now to the right, now to the left; sometimes it seemed to turn around and go back. There were moments when it appeared to the prisoners as if they had been going in a circle for hours. At first the bluish electric light came in between the heavy lowered curtains; then suddenly, after a turn, darkness set in; it was from this that the travellers gathered that they had reached the suburbs and were approaching the station of S——. Sometimes, at a sudden turn, Werner's bent and living knee brushed in a friendly way against the bent and living knee of the gendarme, and it was hard to believe in the approaching execution.

"Where are we going?" asked Yanson suddenly. The continuous and prolonged shaking of the sombre vehicle gave him vertigo and a little nausea.

Werner answered, and pressed the Esthonian's hand more tightly than before. He would have liked to say specially friendly and kind words to this little sleeping man, whom already he loved more than anyone in the world.

"Dear friend! I think that you are in an uncomfortable position. Draw nearer to me!"

At first Yanson said nothing, but after a moment he replied:

"Thank you; I am comfortable! And you, they are going to hang you, too?"

"Yes!" replied Werner, with an unlooked-for gaiety, almost laughing. He made a free and-easy gesture, as if they were speaking of some futile and stupid prank that a band of affectionate practical jokers were trying to play upon them.

"You have a wife?" asked Yanson.

"No! A wife! I? No, I am alone."

"So am I. I am alone."

Werner, too, was beginning to feel the vertigo. At times it seemed to him that he was on his way to some festivity. A queer thing, almost all those who were going to the execution had the same feeling; although a prey to fear and anguish, they rejoined vaguely in the extraordinary thing that was about to happen. Reality became intoxicated on madness, and death, coupling with life, gave birth to phantoms.

"Here we are at last!" said Werner, gay and curious, when the vehicle stopped; and he leaped lightly to the ground. Not so with Yanson, who resisted, without saying a word, very lazily, it seemed, and who refused to descend. He clung to the handle of the door; the gendarme loosened his weak fingers and grasped his arm. Ivan caught at the corner, at the door, at the high wheel, but yielded at every intervention of the gendarme. He adhered to things rather than gripped them. And it was not necessary to use much force to loosen his grasp. In short, they prevailed over him.

As always at night, the station was dark, deserted, and inanimate. The passenger trains had already passed, and for the train that was waiting on the track for the prisoners there was no need of light or activity. Werner was seized with ennui. He was not afraid, he was not in distress, but he was bored; an immense, heavy, fatiguing ennui filled him with a desire to go away, no matter where, lie down, and close his eyes. He stretched himself, and yawned repeatedly.

"If only they did these things more quickly!" said he, wearily.

Yanson said nothing, and shuddered.

When the condemned passed over the deserted platform surrounded with soldiers, on their way to the poorly lighted railway carriages, Werner found himself placed beside Sergey Golovin. The latter designated something with his hand, and began to speak; his neighbour clearly understood only the word "lamp"; the rest of the phrase was lost in a weary and prolonged yawn.

"What did you say?" asked Werner, yawning also.

"The reflector . . . the lamp of the reflector is smoking," said Sergey.

Werner turned around. It was true; the glass shades were already black.

"Yes, it is smoking!"

Suddenly he thought: "What matters it to me whether the lamp is smoking, when . . . ?" Sergey undoubtedly had the same idea. He threw a quick glance at Werner, and turned away his head. But both stopped yawning.

All walked to the train without difficulty; Yanson alone had to be led. At first he stiffened his legs, and glued the soles of his feet to the platform; then he bent his knees. The entire weight of his body fell upon the arms of the policeman; his legs dragged like those of a drunken man; and the toes of his boots ground against the wooden platform. With a thousand difficulties, but in silence, they lifted him into the railway carriage.

Vasily Kashirin himself walked unsupported; unconsciously he imitated the movements of his comrades. After mounting the steps of the carriage, he drew back; a policeman took him by the elbow to sustain him. Then Vasily began to tremble violently and uttered a piercing cry, pushing away the policeman!

"Vasily, it is I, Werner!"

"I know! Don't touch me! I want to walk alone!"

And, still trembling, he entered the carriage and sat down in a corner. Werner leaned toward Musya, and asked in a low voice, designating Vasily with his eyes:

"Well, how are things with him?"

"Badly!" answered Musya, in a whisper. "He is already dead. Tell me, Werner, does death really exist?"

"I don't know, Musya; but I think not!" answered Werner in a serious and thoughtful tone.

"That is what I thought! And he? I suffered on his account during the whole ride, it seemed to me that I was travelling beside a dead man."

"I don't know, Musya. Perhaps death still exists for some. Later it will not exist at all. For me, for instance, death has existed, but now it exists no more."

The slightly pallid cheeks of Musya reddened.

"It has existed for you, Werner? For you?"

"Yes, but no more. As for you!"

They heard a sound at the door of the railway carriage; Mishko the Tzigane entered, spitting, breathing noisily, and making a racket with his boot-heels. He glanced about him, and stopped short.

"There is no room left, officer!" he declared to the fatigued and irritated policeman. "See to it that I travel comfortably, otherwise I will not go with you! Rather hang me right here, to the lamp-post! Oh, the scoundrels, what a carriage they have given me! Do you call this a carriage? The devil's guts, yes, but not a carriage!"

But suddenly he lowered his head, stretched out his neck, and advanced towards the other prisoners. From the frame of his bushy hair and beard his black eyes shot a savage, sharp and rather crazy look.

"Oh, my God!" he cried; "so this is where we are! How do you do, sir?"

He sat down opposite Werner, holding out his hand; then, with a wink, he leaned over and swiftly passed his hand across his companion's neck.

"You, too? Eh?"

"Yes!" smiled Werner.

"All?"

"All!"

"Oh! oh!" said the Tzigane, showing his teeth. He examined the other prisoners with a swift glance, which nevertheless dwelt longest on Musya and Yanson.

"On account of the Minister?"

"Yes. And you?"

"Oh, sir, my case is quite another story. I am not so distinguished! I, sir, am a brigand, an assassin. That makes no difference, sir; move up a little to make room for me; it is not my fault that they have put me in your company! In the other world there will be room for all."

He took the measure of all the prisoners with a watchful, distrustful, and savage gaze. But they looked at him without a word, seriously, and even with evident compassion. Again he showed his teeth, and slapped Werner several times on the knee.

"So that is how it is, sir! As they say in the song:

"'Take care to make no sound, O forest of green oaks!'"

"Why do you call me sir, when all of us . . ."

"You are right!" acquiesced the Tzigane, with satisfaction. "Why should you be sir, since you are to be hanged beside me? There sits the real sir!"

He pointed his finger at the silent policeman.

"And your comrade yonder, he doesn't seem to be enjoying himself hugely!" he added, looking at Vasily. "Say, there, you are afraid?"

"No!" answered a tongue that moved with difficulty.

"Well, then, don't be so disturbed; there is nothing to be ashamed of. It is only dogs that wag their tails and show their teeth when they are going to be hanged; you are a man. And this marionette, who is he? He certainly is not one of your crowd?"

(Continued on p. 5.)

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Our View.

Snobbery and Fascism.

THE UNITED FRONT of all Capitalist sections, and the reactionary character of Asquithian Liberalism was demonstrated by the London "Star" in its leader on the British Royal visit to Italy. The "Star" is supposed to be one of the most enlightened of the bourgeois papers; yet this is what it said:

> "King George has a political mission, but it is a mission of amity. England expresses through him her affection for Italy, which in itself is worth doing, and takes on a special value to-day because elsewhere the Continent rings with discord. Also we are glad to show sympathy with Italy's experiment in strong government. She has given the world great political ideas before; and though we watch Fascism not without criticism, we are willing to believe there is something in it for us to learn."

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Royal Dinners for British Labour Leaders. for Mussolini. Royal Honours

OBSERVE THAT BENITO MUSSOLINI has been made a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath for his attack on the Labour, Co-operative, Socialist, and Communist Movements of Italy, and for his destruction of the democratic constitution of Italy.

Observe that the King who has thus honoured Mussolini paid the same honour to the Russian counter-revolutionary General Denekin; yet he invites British Labour leaders to dine with him at Buckingham Palace, and also accepts invitations to meet them at the house of Lord Astor.

Denekin was honoured because he fought against the Russian Revolution; but why does King George confer honours upon the destroyers of the Italian Labour Movement, whilst inviting British Labour leaders to his house? The answer is, firstly, that a destroyer of the British Labour Movement would be even more cordially regarded at Buckingham Palace and by the Capitalist powers grouped around the British throne than is Mussolini. At the same time, it must be remembered that the Italian Labour Movement had gone further than the British when Mussolini made his attack upon it. It was a more sincere and intelligent movement. The major part of the British Labour Move- supported the war: the vast majority of the Trade Union officials not only supported the war, but formed a United Front with Capitalism against the workers at home, and when occasion offered, also against the workers abroad. That was not the case in Italy. In Italy the great masses of organised workers failed to take action, but their opinions were sound: they were for Socialism against Capitalism: they were against the war: they were for the Russian Revolution—nay, more, they were for the International revolution of the proletariat. They did not act; they did not know how to act; but their opinions were sound. As for the officials, they, like the masses, failed in action; but all, save a few of them, made propaganda for the proletariat against Capitalism on all the great issues since 1914. Capitalism had reason to hate and fear the spokesmen of the Italian Movement, whilst Capitalism found very serviceable such spokesmen of the British Labour Movement as Messrs. Thomas, Tillett, Barnes, Clynes, Havelock Wilson, and Henderson.

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The Special Constables Bill.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S STATEMENT that the Government desires to maintain the special constables at war-time strength shows that the Government anticipates serious difficulty in quelling popular unrest at no distant date. The same anticipation was revealed in the Government refusal to accept amendments providing that special constabulary should not be employed outside their own police district, that they may not be used as blacklegs, and that men shall not be debarred from service as special constables by reason of race, religion, political opinion, or Trade Union membership.

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The Artist versus the Politicians.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN has shown himself a genuine artist in his refusal to paint, as the men who won the war, and as the men who gave the world peace, a group of thirty-nine generals and politicians. After nine months' incessant work he painted them ota ndreplaced um hm work he painted them out and replaced them by the coffin of an unknown soldier guarded by two dead comrades, in memory of "the soldiers who remain for ever in France," whom he cannot forget. Probably the painter is one of the many whose eyes are still shut to the iniquities of the Great War, to the appalling crime that it was, to the awful guiltiness of the men he was asked to paint as peacemakers. Immersed in his work, he has probably never considered the social system; yet, as a trained observer, he has not been able to escape altogether a realisation of the immense victimisation of common men that the war meant, and the utter meanness of those ambitious gamesters who callously played with the destinies of millions for sordid ends.

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Will there be War with Russia?

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S ULTIMATUM to Soviet Russia 's adopt an abject attitude and less the Soviet Government exceedingly peremptory. Unmake reparation on a, no doubt exorbitant scale, the Trade Agreement will be denounced. That war will follow seems incredible, though many people are declaring that it will. We hardly think the Governments are yet ready for such an enterprise. Should it develop, however, Capitalism has much to fear from it, and all who desire the overthrow of Capitalism must throw all their energies into the struggle to impede the war, and at the same time to use the war as a lever to stir up the people against the Government.

As to the occasion of the ultimatum, ostensibly it is because Russia claims twelve miles of territorial waters, whilst Britain declares that the international custom gives only three.

The pressure making for a rupture with Soviet Russia has, however, largely come from the Church of England, strongly represented in the House of Lords and on the Privy Council, and strong in land-owning and financial power, as well as from the Nonconformist Churches.

The churches threw themselves into the last war with zest, because it was a Capitalist war; and they were, both directly and through the personal interests of their prominent officials, indirectly concerned in the success of the native Capitalism. A war to vindicate the churches and their property would be supported by the churches the world over with still greater enthusiasm.

We regret that the Soviet Government should apparently be promoting the foundation of a new church or church faction—"The Living Church" in Russia; this tactical move may be of some little assistance momentarily, but in the long run it is bound to prove a grievous mistake and a hindrance to progress and the freeing of the popular mind.

As to the question of propaganda: one of the points on which we from the first objected to the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement was its debarring of Russian propaganda. All Governments undertake international propaganda. A Government set up in defiance of the established order must find propaganda still more important than other Governments. Obviously the Soviet Government intended to do propaganda. Obviously it was doing propaganda. The slender veil of the Third International independence could deceive no one. We had already been informed by those who declared they had also advised the Soviet Goevrnment of the facts, that the Soviet administration was honeycombed by foreign Government agents, as well as by self-seeking persons willing to take a bribe from either side. The British Government declares itself to be fully informed as to the propaganda carried on by the Soviet Government and the money spent on it. The ultimatum gives quotations from the reports of Soviet officials. The British Government's claim to have precise information may, or may not, be justified. We are inclined to believe that it is.

We are told by one who has attended the May Meetings of the followers of "the Prince of Peace" for the purpose of selling anti-war literature that the religious folk have thrust his papers aside, saying: "That's no good: there must be war!"

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"Daily Herald's" Strange Statement.

THE "DAILY HERALD'S" diplomatic correspondent on the question of propaganda says:

> "If the case is proven, then there is certainly occasion for apology and redress."

That is a most unwise statement to make. The "Herald" will find itself committed to approval of a war if it is not more guarded in its expressions of opinion. The remark certainly comes with a poor grace from the "Herald."

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The German Offer.

THE GERMAN OFFER of reparations had no chance of acceptance, because the French Government is determined to possess the Ruhr. Lord Curzon's appeal that the Allies should discuss the Note together seems to suggest that British Capitalism feels it will be shut out from the rich spoils of the Ruhr. The usages of Capitalist diplomacy have taught us to expect that if one Great Power has been allowed by its colleagues to commit a robbery, its colleagues will get what they call compensation by being permitted to commit a robbery somewhere else. The ten years which led up to the Great War provided many examples of that practice.

The three great opportunities of plunder at present awaiting the three greatest Powers—Britain, France, and America—are in Anatolia, in the Ruhr, in Russia. The three great competitors are playing the game of exploitation very briskly. Obviously it is to their interest to use no more violence than is necessary to attain their ends; but they have no scruples about war if it seems likely to be the most profitable course. France is at war with Germany, but Germany feels unable to fight.

That Krupp, his fellow-directors, and the chairman of the works council, should be placed on trial because the French killed some of the factory workers, is one of those burlesque atrocities which seem quite impossible until they occur, but which are daily growing more usual.

When shall we come to the end of this nightmare in which overgrown Capitalism drags through its long old age?

Parliament As We See It.

HOUSING.

A bird's-eye view of the housing problem, and the futility of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill in relation to it, was given by the description of the problem in Merthyr by Mr. Walhead (Lab.). A penny rate in Merthyr raises £1,000. By imposing a penny rate for 20 years, and a 1½d. rate for 40 years, Merthyr would get 156 houses of the quality proposed by Mr. Chamberlain. 801 houses are required in Merthyr to replace those condemned as unfit for human habitation in the slums.

OXFORD SLUMS.

Mr. Frank Gray (Lib.) said that there are no worse slums than those of Oxford. He cited a house containing five rooms, two of which were so unfit that they could not be occupied. Of the other three rooms, one was occupied by a family of seven, five of whom were children, the eldest suffering from a disease which debarred him from entering an elementary school. Another room contained a family of four, two of them children, the elder of whom had since been removed to a sanatorium for tuberculosis. The remaining room was occupied by one person There were twelve people in the three rooms.

NOT ENOUGH LABOUR TO BUILD HOUSES.

Mr. Chamberlain replied that the problem of the slums cannot be re-housed on the same houses cannot be solved. "You have not the labour or resources in the country to deal with these two things."

Nevertheless, the unemployed problem is acute.

What further proof is required of the bankruptcy of Capitalism?

In Birmingham there are 40,000 back-to-back houses, in Leeds 70,000 back-to-back houses.

NEEDLESS POVERTY.

Mr. N. Chamberlain said that the people of the slums cannot be housed on the same sites, because the density of population is too great. They cannot be removed, because they cannot afford to live at a greater distance from their work, being unable to pay fares. Blocks of flats of great height are, in his opinion, "not very suitable for the working class."

Lifts are not provided for them or their parcels, as for well-to-do flat dwellers.

£2 A SQUARE YARD.

Before the war Glasgow City Council paid £2 a square yard for land to build houses on.

WIDOWS' PENSIONS.

During the twelve months ending March 31st, 1923, 9,725 applications for pension were made by soldiers' widows; 4,540 applications were granted, 340 were given part-pension, 4,845 were refused altogether.

TRAINING AND HOME TREATMENT.

Some ex-soldiers, totally incapacitated for work, are awarded "home treatment" without allowances; some get an allowance of about 8/- a week. W. E. Picton Hughes, an ex-soldier, was sent to a convalescent centre to train. During his visit home a member of his family got scarlet fever. Hughes was refused re-admission to the centre, and meanwhile his allowance and treatment were stopped, and he and his family left penniless.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Edith Mansfield was sent to Stoke Park Industrial School at 11 years, to be detained till 16; is still there at 22 years of age.

Dora Thorp, who went there at 12, is there still, aged 24. The Government representative said that Edith is certified as mentally defective, and Dora had the mentality of a child of 11 when the time for her discharge came. When asked at what period mental deficiency was detected, the Home Secretary said he thought it was noticed at the age of 16.

The fact is that the disciplinary regime of industrial schools and prisons is stultifying

IRAQ.

The Treaty under which the British occupy Iraq was to last 20 years from 1922. It is decided it shall terminate when Iraq enters the League of Nations, or four years after the conclusion of peace with Turkey. The British Government will advise the admission of Iraq into the League of Nations when the frontiers of Iraq have been deliminated and when Iraq has what the British Government considers a stable Government.

The termination of the Treaty is therefore still in the air.

The main point is, however, that when the present Treaty is concluded, another will be made.

THE AIR FLEET.

It is not in the public interest to give the number of machines under construction.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' WAGES.

The highest weekly wage now paid to agricultural labourers was given by the Minister of Agriculture as 32/-, the lowest 25/-. Lower wages than that are unfortunately paid, however.

PIT PONIES.

Two thousand two hundred and ninety-two ponies employed in British mines died through injuries in 1921, and 1,933 through disease; whilst 6,102 received non-fatal injuries. Sir J. Butcher (C.), who, like Sir Frederick Banbury (C.), is only solicitous for the welfare of animals, pressed for mechanical haulage.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF FARMERS.

Two hundred and eighty-five farmers went bankrupt in 1921, their liabilities being £826,793, and 404 farmers in 1922, their liabilities being £768,561. Farmers' bankruptcies fell during the war. In 1913 there were 326 with liabilities of £840,018. Farmers, like everyone else, would be much happier under Communism. Give your agricultural friends Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories and Workshops, and "The Conquest of Bread"!

NAVAL WORKS.

£3,832,850 was voted for naval works, buildings, etc., including a new naval base at Singapore. The Admiralty representative stated that the oil tanks, especially on the route to the East, must be added to, and a much larger number of mines than used to be the case must be kept in reserve. Much more powerful explosives than gunpowder are now used, therefore the depots must be strengthened.

After the war a feeling of exalted hopefulness had led to the planning of "great schemes for the comfort and betterment of the men of the lower deck . . . under sheer necessity we have had to drop a great deal of that programme."

The Washington Treaty precludes Britain from further developing Hong Kong; therefore the naval base at Singapore had become a necessity according to the Admiralty representative. Mr. Lambert (Lib.) asked whether this was an attempt to get behind the Washington Treaty. Mr. Asquith (L.) and others followed on the same line. To this the First Lord of the Empire hypocritically replied that the strength of the British Empire is an essential factor in the policy of the League of Nations.

Commander Bellairs (C.) said this country is not the centre of the Empire, but on its northern fringe, and Singapore is more the centre of the Empire than Portsmouth.

Mr. Walton Newbold (C.P.G.B.) said he would not be surprised to see Singapore used, not as a base to defend these shores, but to attack them. The school which desires the centre of the Empire to go to the East he declared to be gaining ground.

J. H. THOMAS DEFENDS RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

Messrs. Neil Maclean (Lab.) and W. Graham (Lab.) opposed a private Bill of the Caledonian Railway, on the ground that it does not provide third-class sleeping carriages; that the week-end tickets are inconvenient; that it inconveniences other travellers by running golf specials; that a railway company ought not to own golf courses or golf hotels; that the fares are too high; and that the company's station in Glasgow is neglected.

Mr. J. H. Thomas (Lab.), as he always does, immediately rose to champion the interests of the railway company.

Mr. Scrymgeour (Prohibition) said that some Perth crofters will be dispossessed if the Bill goes through. It was strange that Mr. Thomas should speak specially for the railway directors in this matter, and also in the handing over to them of "very substantial sums of money granted by the Government in recognition of their services." Mr. Thomas had said that as the traffic increases (for instance, in special trains to Wembley the other day), so the employees receive the benefit. "I shall be glad to hear from any branch of the National Union of Railwaymen in this country that have found the management of railways respond in the way the right hon. gentleman has stated."

The relationship between Mr. J. H. Thomas, the N.U.R. official, and the employers of the N.U.R. members is a scandal of which everyone seems to be aware except the N.U.R. members.

THE RENT BILL.

The Act which safeguards the rent increases of landlords, made without giving notice to quit, has passed through the Commons.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.

The Labour Party Workmen's Compensation Bill was read a second time on condition it goes no further. The Government will introduce a Bill of its own.

RECOGNITION.

For railway directors, cash payments; for Mrs. Starr, a medal and personal message from the King and Queen; for Cabinet Ministers, pensions.

IRISH DEPORTEES.

Women deportees are in Holloway Prison, London, and the North Dublin Union; men are in Mountjoy, Dublin, and Brixton Prison, London.

(Continued from p. 3.)

His eyes danced incessantly; constantly, with a hissing sound, he spat out his abundant and sweetish saliva. Yanson, doubled up motionless in a corner, slightly shook the ears of his bald fur cap, but said nothing. Werner answered for him.

"He killed his employer."

"My God!" exclaimed the Tzigane, in astonishment. "How is it that they permit such birds as that to kill people?"

For a moment he looked at Musya stealthily; then suddenly he turned, and fixed his straight and piercing gaze upon her.

"Miss! Stay there, Miss! What is the matter with you? Your cheeks are pink, and you are laughing! Look, she is really laughing! Look, look!" And he seized Werner's knee with his hooked fingers.

Blushing and somewhat confused, Musya squarely returned the gaze of the attentive and savage eyes that questioned her. All kept silence.

The little cars bounced speedily along the narrow track. At every turn or grade-crossing the whistle blew, the engineer being afraid of crushing somebody. Was it not atrocious to think that so much care and effort, in short all human activity, was being expended in taking men to be hanged? The maddest thing in the world was being done with an air of simplicity and reasonableness. Cars were running; people were sitting in them as usual, travelling as people ordinarily travel. Then there would be a halt as usual: "Five minutes' stop."

And then would come death—eternity—the great mystery.

(To be continued.)

ESPERANTO.

Lesson 17.

ORDINAL NUMBERS.

The numbers unu, du, tri . . . cent, mil, etc., are called **Cardinal** Numbers. By adding to them **-a**, we turn them into what are called **Ordinal** Numbers—e.g., **unua**, first; **dua**, second; **tria**, third . . . **centa**, 100th; **mila**, 1,000th, etc.

CLOCK TIMES.

To tell the time in Esperanto is a very simple matter. We use the ordinal numbers with **la** (the) before them, thus: **La unua** (horo), the first (hour), that is, one o'clock; **la dua**, two o'clock, etc. It is not necessary to use **horo**, which is understood.

To translate **at four o'clock**, etc., we use **je** before the hour, thus, **je** la kvara, at four o'clock; **je** la kvina, at five o'clock . . . **je** la dekdua, at twelve o'clock.

Before proceeding to fractions of an hour, the learner should draw a rough diagram of a clock face, and mark on it the hours. Assume that the big hand is always at the figure 12. Now ask the question: **Kioma horo estas?** What is the time? **Kiom** means **how much**; from it we form the adjective **kioma. Kioma horo estas?** means, therefore, What (how much) hour is . . . (it when is impersonal, is not expressed in Esperanto). Practise naming all the hours, thus: La unua, la dua, la tria, la kvara . . . la dekdua.

Now vary the question and ask **Je kioma horo vi iros?** At what time will you go? The reply will be: **Je** la kvara, at four o'clock; **je** la kvina, **je** la sesa, **je** la sepa, **je** la oka, etc.

To read 4.5 (five minutes past four), we first say the hour, la kvara (four o'clock) and then add the minutes, thus: **La kvara kaj kvin** (minutoj), i.e., the fourth (hour) and five (minutes). It is not necessary to say **minutoj**, which is understood. We read 4.15 as la kvara **kaj dek kvin**; 3.45 as la tria **kaj kvardek kvin**; 3.30, la tria **kaj tridek (or** la tria **kaj duono,** " the third and a half "); 4.15 is la kvara **kaj dek kvin (or** la kvara **kaj kvarono,** " the fourth and a quarter ").

Fractions are formed by **-on**, thus: From du (2) we form **duono**, a half; from kvar (4), **kvarono**, a quarter; from tri (3), **triono**, a third . . . from cent. (100), **centono**, 1-100th; from mil (1,000) **milono**, 1-1,000th; milionono is a millionth.

Vocabulary.

revenos	will come back
kredas	believe(s)
ĝis	until, as far as
kaj	and
ŝilingo	shilling
for-iras	go away, goes off
vagonaro	train
ek-iras	start(s)
hodiaŭ	to-day
ĉiu	every
jaro	year

Translate.

Je kioma horo ni revenos? Li revenos je la tria. Mi kredas, ke li ne revenos ĝis la 3.30 (tria tridek **or** tria kaj duono). Unu estas duono de du; du estas duono de kvar, kaj kvarono de ok. Kvarono de dekunu estas tri pencoj. Naŭ estas tri kvaronoj de dek du. Je kioma horo foriras la vagonaro al Parizo? Gi ekiras je la tria tridek kvin. Hodiaŭ estas la dekdua de Majo. En la jaro 1923a (mil naŭcent dudektria). La unua de Majo en ĉiu jaro okazas la festo de la internacia proletariaro.

The British Esperanto Congress takes place this year at Bournemouth, May 18th to 22nd, Whitsuntide.

Tickets, 5/- each, obtainable of P. H. Lewis, Hon. Sec., 12 St. Clements Road, Bournemouth.

Arrangements made for return journey at a fare and a third.

LESSONS FOR PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

In the last lesson we gave some account of the laws of the earliest known inhabitants of Southern Mesopotamia, the Sumerians.

The Sumerian conception of divinity was Enlil, god of the air. They built for him a great square tower tapering upward with a small low temple beside it. Such towers were built all over the Plain of Shinar, and the temple tower of Babylon in later times gave rise to the story of the Tower of Babel.

Semitic Nomads from the desert had begun to settle in the region called Akkad, north-east of the Plain of Shinar. The leading tribe there was called Akkadian. The Akkadians and Sumerians were often at war, and it is believed that about 2750 B.C. the Akkadian leader, Sargon, conquered the Sumerians. He was a successful general, and extended his dominion from Elam, on the Persian Gulf, to the Mediterranean, and far up the Tigris and Euphrates to the north. The Akkadians, who had been wandering shepherds, now adopted the customs of the Sumerians. They had not been able to write, but they now gradually learnt the cuneiform script of the Sumerians and the semitic language of the Akkadians was therefore first written in Sumerian characters. Sumerians acted as clerks, secretaries, and bookkeepers to the Akkadian kings and nobles.

Some time after 2500 B.C. the southern Sumerian cities, headed by Ur, revolted against the Akkadians and obtained equality with their conquerors, the kingdom being now known as " Sumer and Akkad."

A new Semitic tribe, the Amorites of Syria, now began to make war on the kingdom of Sumer and Akkad, and after a time seized the little town of Babylon on the Euphrates. The Elamites from Elam, in the eastern mountains, also invaded the southern Sumerian cities.

After a hundred years of fighting, Hammurabi, one of the Amorite kings of Babylon, drove out the Elamites, and after 2100 B.C. made Babylon the capital city of his dominions.

Prior to the time of Hammurabi, or Hammurapi, Sumerian continued in use for legal documents and religious writings. Hammurabi codified the laws and added to them, and had them engraved in the Semitic speech of the Amorites upon a stone column, at the top of which was a sculptured scene in which Hammurabi received the laws from the sun god, Marduk. This pillar is now in the Louvre in Paris, and a copy of it is in the British Museum. On this pillar Hammurabi states that: " Anu the Supreme, the King of the Anunnaki, and Bel, the lord of heaven and earth, who fixes the destiny of the universe," have called him " the renowned prince, the god-fearing Hammurabi, to establish justice in the earth." He follows with a long eulogy of himself.

The code of laws in many respects follows the Sumerian, of which we have already given the gist, but it is much more extensive.

Sorcery is recognised: for laying an unjustified spell or curse on another, a man shall be slain. The man on whom the spell has been laid must also undergo an ordeal. He must plunge in the holy river. If the holy river seize him, the layer of the spell shall take his house. If he remains unharmed, he shall take the house of the layer of the spell, who shall be slain.

Slavery is also recognised: a man who has stolen a slave, enabled a slave to escape, or harboured a fugitive slave, shall be slain. A slave who denies his master shall have his ear cut off. A man who has contracted a debt may give his wife, son, or daughter to labour in the house of the bondmaster for three years; but the fourth year they must be freed. If a man send his slaves to work off his debt in the same way, and the bondmaster sell them, there is no claim against the bondmaster.

Death is the punishment for theft, but it is also provided that if a freeman steal an ox, a sheep, a pig, an ass, or a boat, he shall pay thirty-fold; whilst a plebian shall pay tenfold; the thief who cannot pay shall be slain.

A soldier who has been ordered to fight for the king, but who hires a substitute to go in his stead, shall be slain. The substitute shall take his house.

Again, as in the Sumerian code, care is taken to ensure that the land shall not be neglected.

If a man take a field to farm, and grow no corn on it, he shall be accused of neglecting to work the field, and shall give to the lord corn according to the yield of the district; he shall hoe and sow the field, and restore it to the lord. If a man lease unreclaimed land for three years, and neglect to work it, in the fourth year he shall hoe and sow it and return it to the lord, paying him ten " gur " of corn for each " gan."

If a soldier neglect his house and land, and another work them for three years, the property shall pass to the man who has worked them.

If a soldier has been taken prisoner on " the way of the king," and a trader ransom him, the soldier shall pay back the trader. If his house does not contain sufficient to repay, the temple of his city shall repay, and if the temple lack the means, then the great house shall pay. The soldier's house and land shall not be taken for ransom.

If a man has let his field to a cultivator, and the crop is destroyed by flood, then the cultivator bears the loss; but if a man owe a debt and his crop is destroyed, he shall not pay interest on his debt that year.

The landlord seems at that period to have been more favoured than the moneylender.

The toll taken by the landlord was very heavy; a gardener renting an orchard must give two-thirds of the produce to the landlord.

It should be observed that a soldier taken prisoner in the service of the king was expected to pay his own ransom. If a soldier refused service, he was executed. The soldier could only bequeath his feudal land to a son, not to the wife or daughter, because they could not perform military service which went with the land. He could not sell or mortgage his feudal land.

If a man has rented an orchard of dates, and has borrowed silver from a trader, and if when the time for repayment comes he has no money, and if he say to the trader gather the dates from the orchard, the trader shall not consent. The lord of the orchard shall gather the dates, then, having repaid the trader, he shall keep the rest of the dates for himself.

If a female beer-seller has sold drink at too low a price, she shall be thrown into the water.

Apparently the brewing interests inspired that regulation!

The Hammurabi code was ruthless against women who offended against the established order:

" If rebels meet in the house of a wine-seller, and she does not seize them and take them to the great house, that wine-seller shall be slain."

" If a priestess or holy sister who has not remained in the convent shall open a wineshop, or enter a wine-shop for drink, that woman shall be burned."

The pressure of economic need is recognised in dealing with marriage relationships:

If a man has been taken captive, and there is food in his house, and his wife forsake him and enter another house, then she shall be prosecuted; but if there is no food in his house she shall bear no blame. If she bear children to another, she shall nevertheless return to her husband if he come back.

If a man has fled and deserted his city, and he come back to claim his wife, she shall not return to him.

A neglectful wife may be divorced without the return of her dowry or kept as the slave of the second wife. A conscientious wife must have her dowry returned if divorced. If a wife is ill, her husband may marry an-

other, but he must keep the first wife in his house, unless she prefer to return to her father with her dowry.

Several provisions deal with the dowry, the pride price and rights of inheritance. If the daughter of a freeman marry a slave, and the slave die, the dowry of the woman shall be returned to her, and all that she and her husband had beside shall be equally divided between her and the slave-owner.

As in the Sumerian code, many provisions deal with adoption. An adopted son who denies his parents by adoption, " his tongue shall be cut out."

There are many violent punishments.

A son who strikes his father shall have his hands cut off.

A nurse whose charge dies, and who substitutes another child, shall have her breasts cut off.

A man who destroys the eye, breaks the bone, or knocks out the teeth of a man of his own rank, shall suffer the same punishment; but if he do the same to a plebian he shall be fined. If a man strike the body of a man " who is great above him, he shall receive sixty lashes with a cowhide whip in the assembly." If a freeman strike a freeman, he shall pay a mina of silver. If a slave strike the son of a free man, his ear shall be cut off. " If a man strike the daughter of a freeman and her foetus fall, he shall pay ten shekels of silver for her foetus. If that woman die, his daughter shall be slain." If he has done the same to a plebian woman, he shall pay five shekels of silver for her foetus and half a mina of silver if she die; for the foetus of a slave he must pay two shekels of silver; if the slave woman die he shall pay a third of a mina of silver.

These, remember, were represented as God-given laws. In a future lesson we shall compare them with the supposedly God-given laws of Moses.

The doctors were in a difficult position: a doctor who opened a freeman's tumour with a metal knife and cured his eye was paid ten shekels of silver; but if the man died or the eye were destroyed, his hands were cut off.

If a man built a house and it fell, killing the owner, the builder must die; if the child of the owner were killed, the builder's child must be slain. Since the houses were built of sun-dried brick, and the foundations were of swampy mud and sand, the fall of a house was not uncommon.

Workers' wages were fixed, and their value may be gathered by comparison with the cost of hiring animals:

Hire of a boatman, six " gur " of corn a year.

Hire of a herdsman, six " gur " of corn a year.

Hire of a pasturer for cattle and sheep, eight " gur " of corn each year.

Pay of a weaver, five grains of silver a day.

Pay of a potter, five grains of silver a day.

Pay of a carpenter, four grains of silver a day.

Pay of a leather worker, four grains of silver a day.

Hire of a draught ox, four " gur " of corn a year.

Hire of a milch-cow, three " gur " of corn a year.

Hire of a boat, three grains of silver a day.

Hire of a cruising boat, two and a-half grains of silver a day.

Should any man annul these laws, change the sculptures, or erase the name of Hammurabi in order to raise his own, that ruler called down upon him the punishment of Anu the father of the gods, Bel who fixes fate, Beltis the great mother, Ea the omniscient, Shamash the great judge of heaven and earth, Sin the lord of heaven and divine creator of Hammurabi, Adad, the lord of fertility, Zamana the great warrior, Ishtar the mistress of battles, Nergal the mighty among the gods who granted victory to Hammurabi, Nintu, the creative mother of Hammurabi, Nin-Karrasha, the daughter of Anu, and all the great gods of heaven, the Anunnki in their assembly.

FROM LIVERPOOL.

The coloured crew of the Elder-Dempster Company's s.s. " Abinsi " refused to accept a reduction of 10/-, and not only struck against it, but asked for an increase. " Same rate of pay as white seamen," was their slogan.

The bosses got busy with the Labour Exchanges and relieving officers, and after a ten days' struggle a crew of almost starving men was signed on.

Between 200 and 300 shore men were laid off during the strike; and though many of them have lived here for years, they were refused the dole, on the ground that " they are not domiciled in England." On making application for relief, they were told that nothing could be done for them, as they were on strike.

These men receive a weekly wage of 25/- out of which is deducted 4/- for upkeep of the " African Hostel." Many of them are married and live at home, but they have to pay to the hostel just the same.

Whites Scab on Blacks

The crew of the s.s. " Appam " also resisted the cut, but the delegates of " Have-a-lot's " Union got white men to scab on them.

During the struggle these coloured men proved to those who cared to notice that they have some intelligence and knowledge of the class struggle. The one pitiful thing about it was that so few of the whites took the trouble to mix in. Later on, however, it will be different, for they are determined to carry on till they win.

" Have-a-lot's " tools were very busy getting scabs to Southampton also; and, thanks to them, the ship-owners have won another round. The decent element is disgusted with this clique, and it is a safe bet to say their usefulness to the bosses, as far as this locality is concerned, is finished.

As for the men on the 75 per cent. jobs, they are unable to make ends meet, even though they get in a full week. One reads in the papers almost every day of men committing suicide because they cannot bear to look at the sufferings of their famliies. The Board of Guardians is cutting down expenses in grand style; even members of the City Council are not safe. The member for St. Anne's Ward was told to take himself and family into the Workhouse. In 1911 the people of this district made things mighty hot for the authorities. They are now being driven to desperation by the stupid Bumbles and arrogant Law-and-Order boys.

The scalers of this port discovered they had been cut 6/- when they received their pay envelopes some time ago, and also that officials of the N.A.U.L. had made the agreement with the bosses. Naturally they are doing some thinking, just like the coloured men, just like the 75 per cent. men, just like the people of St. Anne's. Yes, quite a number of members of the working class of the Port of Liverpool are doing quite a lot of thinking; that is why we feel hopeful.

The slimy scab-herders, blind bumbles, and treacherous Union leaders would do well to do some thinking also, ere it is too late; for when the people move they know their friends —and enemies.

The Catalonian Peasants' Congress.

The following are some of the questions on the agenda of the General Confederation of Labour Congress in Catalonia:

What ideology should the organised workers in the fields follow?

What are the fighting tactics of the agricultural workers to obtain their moral and material emancipation?

In what way can the agricultural workers support the town workers, and vice versa?

What attitude towards the co-operatives should the agricultural workers adopt?

Must a homogeneous organisation of the peasants to be formed within the C.N.T.?

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS.

Hardly a day passes without well-known exponents of Capitalism condemning the system in which they believe.

Said the Minister of Labour (Sir Montague Barlow) in the Commons the other day:

" The principle of work or maintenance would cause the piling up of goods which were uneconomically produced, or would lead to disaster in other ways."

The Capitalists desire to restrict output. That is legitimate, because it makes for profit and the preservation of the system.

Trade Union ca'canny, however, is immoral, because it restricts output in a wrong way. Men must labour their hardest in order that the minimum number of men might be employed. The greater the number of men out of work, the easier it is to force down wages.

Capitalist and Trade Union ca'canny is the evil result of an evil system. To produce plenty, for all, should be our aim.

" Uneconomically produced! " That does not mean wealth produced inefficiently—it merely means produced in accordance with the law that takes hold of a few who claim the right to a privileged position, and entirely neglects the masses who are merely pawns in a system they have the power, as soon as they possess the will, to alter.

It is a far, far better thing, says Capitalism, that men and women shall starve, or exist on an inadequate dole, than that anything shall be " uneconimically produced "!

It is a far, far better thing that agricultural labourers shall receive only 25/- a week than that agriculture shall be carried on without profit, and simply because men, women and children must be fed!

It is a far, far better thing that thousands of women shall descend to prostitution rather than allow an economic law to be violated!

What matter that children cry from hunger and cold, and starve and die? Economic laws must be preserved! Pronts must be maintained!

And we, dear humble submissive workers? Shall we, too, by our attitude, say that it is a far, far better thing that economic laws shall be preserved rather than rise in our wrath and indignation and sweep the whole of a barbarous system away?

Have we been crushed so much that our vision of what might be is entirely gone?

Have we no alternative but to suffer and accept what is as inevitable?

Never! Let us build for the society that is to be.

There are ways and means at our hands.

Here and now can be practised principles of mutual aid. Service can eliminate profit, human sympathy economic laws.

Workers' solidarity can be developed, resistance stiffened to Capitalist attacks, and workers' councils can prepare to take control of all the means of production and distribution in the interests of the common good.

Will, intelligence, perseverance and courage are the golden keys that will open the door to a workers' republic unfolding the ideal of integral co-operation. E. B.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Eight members of the I.W.W. in Sacramento, California, were found guilty of criminal syndicalism on March 5th.

Fifteen I.W.W.s have been on trial at Los Angeles, California, since January 29th. The case has been prolonged because the prosecution spy witnesses have been away testifying against I.W.W.s on trial in other parts of the State.

Other I.W.W s are on trial at Susanville, Eureka, and Oroville. Three more are waiting for trial at Los Angeles, twelve at Sacramento. Ten I.W.W.s who were convicted at Sacramento on January 16th are appealing.

A public hearing has been granted by the Committee of the State Assembly sitting to consider a Bill to repeal the Criminal Syndicalism Law.

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A Few Words About Bonar Law.

Some of you, fellow-workers, evidently agree with us that Parliament is no good. tion to put at the head of it Mr. Bonar LawTherefore you made up your minds last elec —a man who quite plainly told you he would be no good for you.

When you chose Mr. Bonar Law, those of you who did it, fellow-workers, you chose reaction. Mr. Bonar Law is prepared to give reaction its full fling in this country.

You have been told a great deal about German militarism and what a dreadful thing it was, but what about the militarism that is coming to full bloom in this country, fellow-worker?

What do you think of the incident between P.C. Patrick Gillam and the officer of the Royal Horse Guards in Piccadilly, on May 5th, fellow-worker?

There were the Horse Guards, crossing the road. There was P.C. Gillam on point duty, with his hand raised, holding up the traffic for the troopers, in all politeness.

Then bang! The officer whacks P.C. Gillam on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. (A sword is a nasty thing to get a blow from, fellow-worker.)

Why was it done?

Why? Because P.C. Gillam had not saluted the flag that the soldiers were carrying.

Scotland Yard has attempted to excuse P.C. Gillam for his breach of etiquette in not saluting the King's flag. No doubt, fellow-worker, P.C. Gillam has also had something to say about that bang he got from the sword. No Trade Unionism is permitted amongst the police, but no doubt there is some trade-unionism of feeling and a good deal of indignation on this occasion.

Scotland Yard says it is "a part of general orders that the police salute the Royalty and the Colour"; but a constable on point duty in the busiest spot in Europe has his attention fully occupied.

The War Office declares pompously that there has recently been a general slackening on the part of civilians, and even some Army men, in saluting the Royal Standard, and, for instance, the Cenotaph."

You, too, may expect a blow from a sword, fellow-worker, and perhaps worse, if you fail to behave as an officer thinks you should.

Observe that the War Office, by inference, justifies the officer who struck the policeman for failure to salute the flag; and the civil authorities, instead of replying: "Hands off our men," simply protest that the poor fellow was too busy doing the duty of protecting His Majesty's troops to be able to salute His Majesty's flag.

Meanwhile, fellow-worker, His Majesty has gone off to Italy with Her Majesty, to do honour to Mussolini. King George has demonstrated his regard for that notorious murderer by awarding Mussolini the Order of the Bath. He did the same for the brigand Denikin in Lloyd George's day.

Do not make any mistake, fellow-worker; it is not for the King and Queen of Italy that this pompous Royal visit to Rome has been arranged. It is the first time since the reign of Henry VIII., by the way, that a British Queen has gone officially to Rome. This visit has been arranged wholly and solely to do honour to Fascism.

"What is Fascism?"

Fascism, fellow-worker, is the Capitalist revolution against the rising power of the working class, and against the growth of the idea:

"That man to man the wide warld a'
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

Fascism, fellow-worker, is a force that is organised to fight you; and Mussolini is its foremost exponent.

Mr. Bonar Law has meanwhile gone off for a little sea trip. He, too, may probably pay his respects to Sir Benito Mussolini, Knight Grand Cross, whose "Black Shirt" bullies cut off the nose and ears of a man who had offended them the other day, and tortured him for an hour or two before putting him to death.

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